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LA FOLLETTE'S CAMPAIGN needs money! It is impossible to manage a campaign—to send out organizers; hire counsel and obtain names to get the ticket on the forty-eight State ballots; prepare, print, and circulate literature; buy radio time—without money. Stories of million-dollar funds for La Follette may be set down as sheer invention; the fact is that the campaign has been financed on a shoestring, and that nothing larger than shoestring contributions are in sight. Money is needed now. La Follette's campaign must be financed by hundreds of thousands of small contributions. Labor organizations will help raise the funds, but few unions are able to give out of their war-chests for a political campaign, and it is slow work raising large funds from among union members. The two old parties pass the hat quietly among their big-business friends, thereby creating secret bonds and subtle allegiances to sources of large contributions. La Follette makes no such appeal to wealth. That is why *The Nation*, on the inside back cover of this issue, is appealing to La Follette's friends among its subscribers to start *The Nation's* La Follette-for-President Fund.

NORMAN THOMAS FOR GOVERNOR is a slogan which appeals to the editors of *The Nation*, who have known and worked with him day after day for many years. The 1924 Socialist candidate for Governor was for a time an associate editor of this paper; he has long been one of its most valued and active contributing editors. His has been an extraordinary evolution—from small boy in President Harding's home town, through Princeton, through pastorates first at a "silk-stocking" church and then at a working-class church, into a fearless war-time pacifist, editor of the *World Tomorrow*, member of the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland, editor of the New York *Leader*, and director of the League for Industrial Democracy. Among his associates on the ticket are other unusual men and women, among them Frank Crosswaithe, an exceptionally able Negro orator, and Professor Vladimir Karapetoff, head of the engineering department at Cornell.

MICHIGAN'S MILLIONAIRE SENATOR is on the war-path again. It was Senator Couzens who insisted, four months ago, on hiring Francis J. Heney of San Francisco to help dig for graft in the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury, and called out the President's improvident protest against all the investigations. He is one of the few men in public life who fails to bat an eyelash when Secretary Mellon fires a batch of statistics at him; Mr. Couzens also is accustomed to thinking in millions and he calmly fires more figures back at the Pittsburgh millionaire. The recent publication of the 1922 income-tax figures, it will be recalled, showed that Mr. Couzens was right and Mr. Mellon wrong in their last winter's controversy. Mr. Couzens has flatly refused to accept a resolution adopted by his State Republican organization binding all candidates to all other candidates of the party, Coolidge included. Now, recovering from a surgical operation, he announces that he intends to continue the investigation of the Treasury Department. One might expect a Treasury Department conscious of rectitude to welcome investigation. Instead, Senator Watson, administration supporter, indignantly retires from the chairmanship of the Senate Committee, declaring that "the country is tired of investigations," and administration organs like the New York *Evening Post* denounce the "sinister aspect" of this "Hunting Ammunition for Mud Guns." If there is mud in the Treasury comparable to that which Senators Walsh and Wheeler spaded out of the Interior and Justice departments, the country will certainly support Senator Couzens in getting after it.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT plans nation-wide military maneuvers for September 12. The National Council for the Prevention of War protested. The governors of Maine and Nebraska refused to participate. The opposition became so strong that President Coolidge was called in to help. In a long letter to Frederick J. Libby of the Anti-War Council, the President argued that the demonstration was "merely a compliance with the purposes of the National Defense Act of 1920," "a non-militaristic gesture for the purpose of keeping down to its lowest possible point the professional military organization of the United States"; he objected that "It is not a mobilization, and the people


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who first attached to it the terms Mobilization Day and then proceeded to condemn it have been utterly unfair." But, as Mr. Libby replied, the name Mobilization Day

> was first used publicly in the *Army and Navy Register* of January 5, where, under the heading Prospective Mobilization Day Maneuvers, it was announced that "the greatest peace-time military demonstration in the history of the United States" had come nearer realization that week when Secretary Weeks gave favorable consideration to the Mobilization Day plans on which General Staff officers have been working for months.

Later the War Department used the phrase in its own publicity. It is something that Mr. Libby has forced the militarists, the President at their head, to retire behind a new name. But the whole plan for a showy "mobilization" or "defense test," call it what you will, should be abandoned. To claim that it is required by the National Defense Act of 1920 is nonsense. Does the President mean to imply that he and Mr. Harding violated the law in 1921, and 1922, and 1923, before the bright idea occurred to the General Staff?

SOMETIMES BANKERS provide a useful supplement to politicians. The course of Franco-British negotiations might be summarized somewhat as follows: Premier MacDonald and Premier Herriot met in England, liked each other, and devised a businesslike program for execution of the Dawes Report. When Herriot went home he met a political storm, stirred up by Poincaré, which led him to revise his plans. MacDonald went to Paris and made a show of compromise and conciliation. The two premiers met again in London, accompanied by formidable delegations of "experts," and drew up an impressive draft of their compromise agreement. Then they took it around and showed it to the British and American bankers, who said "That won't do."

SUCH A VERSION, of course, lacks accuracy in detail. In substance it is true. The success of the Dawes Plan depends upon the ability of the governments concerned to put it into effect in such a manner that the bankers, satisfied, will feel ready to advance several hundred million dollars—or, more exactly, will feel able to sell the bonds to their customers. They hold the whip-hand. Their judgment can overrule prime ministers. In the present case it is probably a healthy thing for the world that the bankers are in a position to quash compromises forced by the exigencies of local politics. The dangerous facts remain that the bankers—chief among them John W. Davis's clients, the House of Morgan—today hold a power beyond that exercised by the kaisers and czars of a decade ago, that their power is steadily increasing, and that neither the democracies of the West nor the fascist dictatorships have yet discovered any adequate method of controlling their actions.

FIVE YEARS AGO the International Labor Organization set up by the League of Nations met at Washington and drew up a draft convention for a general eight-hour day. Though most of the great industrial Powers have some sort of eight-hour law, not one of them has yet ratified the convention. The catch lies in the provision that ratification binds the state for a period of ten years. Both employers and government representatives feared to go that far. Mr. Tom Shaw, Great Britain's Minister of Labor, has recently attempted to break this deadlock by urging "simultaneous ratification" by France, England, Belgium, and, if possible, Germany. The new Government in France has declared its desire for early ratification, and Belgium would probably follow France's lead. In Germany, however, the future of the eight-hour day is very doubtful.

REPARATIONS ARE OF COURSE the fly in the ointment. The German employers are using that excuse to the limit. Stinnes declared before his death that for the next fifteen years or more German labor must work an extra two hours each day in order to clear the reparations bill. Unfortunately on this subject there is much argument and very little proof and the workers have scarcely more than their employers' word for it. They are not in a particularly trustful mood, as the big industrialists have been struggling too hard and too openly to deal a mortal blow to the unions as well as to the eight-hour day. Within the Reichstag Socialists and capitalists are evenly enough balanced to block each other. Outside the Reichstag the employers have used other and simpler tactics. Notices have been posted announcing an increase in working hours. As a result there have been strikes, but as the unions cannot finance long strikes the employers usually win in the end. How successful the employers have been is shown by an article in *Vorwärts* (Berlin) for June 28 giving the results of an inquiry made by the German Federation of Trade Unions. During one week in May reports were received from 46,123 works employing 2,453,523 persons. Of these employees 54.7 per cent worked more than 48 hours a week and 13 per cent worked more than 54 hours. Five years after their revolution the German workers must begin all over again their fight for the eight-hour day.

THE LOOTING OF HAITI continues. The $40,000,000 National City Bank loan forced on that helpless country which automatically extended American occupation sixteen years beyond even the treaty negotiated by the notorious "military-pressure" method, is being used as its beneficiaries intended it. Of the $16,000,000 actually floated two years ago the Haitians have got nothing. There is talk of schools and public works, and numerous salaries are being drawn in anticipation of them. But the only real action has been the settling of every concessionnaire's claim on lip-smacking terms. Take the long bankrupt Haitian railroad, for instance, of which Roger Farnham, formerly vice-president of the National City Bank, was first president and then for many years receiver. It was an enterprise of dubious financial soundness at best, considering the great construction costs in the highly mountainous terrain. After several years work on it was discontinued, the Haitian Government refusing further payments on the ground that nearly every specification had been violated. The merits of the conflicting contentions were never threshed out. Instead the United States Navy, the United States Department of State, and the United States federal courts were called in. Result: The railroad security-holders have been handed the new 6 per cent Haitian bonds, guaranteed by Uncle Sam, and cash in addition. "Each holder (of a bond)," United States Judge Julius Mayer declares, "of the principal amount of $96.53 and coupons receives a new Republic of

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Haiti bond of the principal amount of $72.39, and $35.75 cash." And the court states "securities which were worthless . . . have now an appreciable value." None will dispute it.

REGRETTABLE AS WAS THE DEATH of an American consular officer and the severe beating of another of our citizens at the hands of a mob in Teheran, it was not an act for which the Persian Government should be blamed. The tragedy seems to have been due partly to religious intolerance and partly to anti-foreign feeling—to a kind of Persian Ku Klux Klanism. Hitherto Americans have not been as unpopular in Persia as, on account of our bullying State Department and our unscrupulous big-business methods, we are rapidly becoming in most other parts of the world. Persians still remember the good fight for their national integrity put up by W. Morgan Shuster, although in recent years the machinations of our oil interests have done a good deal toward identifying Americans with the rest of the international exploiters. The dispatches indicate that the two Americans who were set upon were mistaken for Englishmen—against whom there is much resentment—but apart from this their actions were obviously indiscreet, since they were photographing a religious shrine and festival. It is difficult, under the circumstances, to justify the American note demanding apologies, guards of honor, payment for a man-of-war, and similar paraphernalia—it reeks of the Big-Stick arrogance which reached its fine flower in the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia in July, 1914.

THERE SEEM TO BE A NUMBER of really simple things that the British Labor Government might have done but hasn't. We mentioned in a previous issue the publication of war documents. In a letter to the editor of the *New Leader* (London) we read: "By the will of Cecil J. Rhodes fifteen scholarships were assigned to German students, and in the years before England declared war on Germany these students were in the enjoyment of the stipends arranged for by the will. I understand that by an Act of Parliament Rhodes's will was upset, and the German scholarships allocated to various parts of the British Dominions. . . . Peace should, it seems to me, abolish wartime exclusions."

MEXICO SEEMS TO BE IN THE GRIP of counter-revolution. Reaction has her by the throat and the fruits of many years of revolutionary struggle and heroic sacrifices are in hourly peril. A few weeks ago a couple of young women wandered across the frontier between Texas and Mexico clad in the garments of freedom, of independent action, of swift progress—they were, in fact, clad in knickers. Were they welcomed in Mexico as happy symbols of its own freedom, its own progress? They were not. They were chased back across the border; Mexico, revolutionary Mexico, would have none of them. Meanwhile, in Mexico City, a war on bobbed hair is raging, and already it has spread to other parts of the republic. In Tampico a bobbed young woman saved herself from attack by swimming away from a crowd of young men. Another was saved by an army officer. Knickers and bobbed hair—if Mexico crushes out of existence these universal emblems of youthful and feminine revolt she may as well throw her constitution into the sea and hand her oil wells to the foreigner.

# Nobody's Children

ENGLAND'S new legitimacy bill is a short step toward a civilized code of personal relations. By its provisions a child born out of wedlock becomes legitimate through the subsequent intermarriage of its parents. An amendment designed to except from this rule children born of adulterous unions was passionately defended but ultimately defeated.

Penalizing children for the sins of their parents has as good legal precedent as it has biblical and biological. By the common law of England, overthrown in the bill just passed, a person could not achieve legitimacy nor have it thrust upon him; he could only be born legitimate. A bastard was "nobody's child." It could inherit neither from the father nor the mother, and its status was unchanged by the subsequent marriage of the parents. In countries accepting the civil or canon law, the marriage of parents legitimized a child previously born. The introduction of this principle—exactly the principle embodied in the recent bill—was urged by the English bishops in the twentieth year of the reign of Henry III. But the proposal was voted down by the Lords whose pronouncement became famous in English legal history: "Nolunt leges Angliae mutare, quae huc usque usitatae sunt et approbatae"—"They do not want to change the laws of England, which up to the present have been used and approved." And so an inhuman doctrine which was sanctified by its antiquity in the year 1236 remained binding until 1924.

Like England under the new dispensation, the United States accepts in general the old church doctrine. The usual rule in this country today is that an illegitimate child becomes legitimate upon the marriage of its parents and may then inherit property and claim support.

Such provisions are interesting; the vast majority of illegitimate children, however, are untouched and unhelped by them. Born of casual unions which do not end in marriage, unacknowledged or disowned by the father and unwanted by the mother, the illegitimate child is still in a human sense "nobody's child." His chance of life is smaller than that of the child born in marriage; his economic circumstances are usually deplorable; he is frequently abandoned to public charity; and his life is that of an outcast from decent society.

It is these conditions that demand change. Scandinavia, through the influence of its powerful and radical women's movement, has passed liberal legitimacy laws going far toward securing the health and social status of all its children. Soviet Russia, too, has put the welfare of children above all other considerations. One of the earliest decrees of the Soviet Government contains these clauses—which we print for the edification and future guidance of the so-called civilized nations of the world:

> Children born out of wedlock are on an equality with those born in wedlock with regard to the rights and duties of parents toward children, and likewise of children toward parents.
>
> The persons who make a declaration and give a signed statement to that effect are registered as the father and mother of the child. . . .
>
> In case the father of a child born out of wedlock does not make such a declaration, the mother of the child or the guardian or the child itself has the right to prove fatherhood by legal means.

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# "Appalling Confusion" in the New York *World*

THIS is the cry now raised against the La Follette candidacy: It will create confusion. We had expected it, of course, in the Washington *Post* and similar journals. We were not prepared to find the New York *World* echoing it. But that newspaper has been somewhat hard put to it to explain why it is sticking to the Democratic Party, whose degeneracy it has so often bewailed. So the *World* assumes that the only success that can be achieved by the La Follette ticket is to throw the election into Congress. "The confusion would be appalling," it declares. "And the result, whatever it was, would in no sense come from an exercise of the people's will." We have rarely come across more specious reasoning. In brief, the case these dailies seek to make out is this: It is a crime for La Follette to be running because he is likely to be so strong as to cause Davis and Coolidge to fail of a majority in the electoral college. Ergo, Mr. La Follette's supporters must not try to exercise their sovereign rights as American citizens to found a new political party unless they guarantee that they will carry so few States as not to interfere with the working of a hopelessly outworn institution. If the *World* and its reactionary contemporaries could only be assured that La Follette would do no better than Mr. Taft did, they would be quite content to have him run.

Obviously, if no new party could be launched which ran any risk of such a popular success as to deadlock the electoral college, we should be forever condemned to the existing ones, no matter how rotten and degenerate they were or how utterly they might fail to serve faithfully the American people. This cry was never raised by the *World* during the Roosevelt candidacy in 1912, if our memory serves us. We do not believe it was raised when the Republican Party came into being. It could have been then with equal justice. Roosevelt was attacked as a traitor to the two-party system by hidebound Republican papers, but even they did not assail the Colonel on the ground that he might throw the election into Congress. Yet no one foresaw that Taft would carry only two States. The pretext is too flimsy. To attempt to shoulder upon Mr. La Follette the responsibility for a situation made possible by the Constitution itself will mislead no thinking person. What the *World* and its contemporaries should do is to point out unceasingly the dangerous condition due to lack of clarity and vision in the drawing of the Twelfth Amendment. It is one of numerous reasons for calling a constitutional convention to overhaul our entire organic law, for it is idle to presume that this country must and shall have only two parties.

Plainly neither the *World* nor any other journal would do else than ridicule and denounce Senator La Follette if, after reading their solemn warnings of an impending chaos, he should issue a statement to this effect, to the millions who desire to vote for him:

> Dear friends and supporters! I am profoundly conscious of our great and pressing economic issues, of our far-reaching political evils. I am aware that the government is honeycombed with graft and corruption. I am aware that millions of you are disgusted with both the old parties and that many of you will be deterred from voting if you cannot cast your ballots for some one other than Mr. Davis or Mr. Coolidge. I am also deeply stirred that some of you have turned to me and asked me to carry the banner of a new order. But I find that if I run and too many of you should vote for me I might upset the electoral college. It is true that the college has been for one hundred years a vermiform appendix in our political system. Yet one must have respect for vermiform appendices. Besides, if I should by chance get enough electoral votes I might deprive both dear Mr. Coolidge and dear Mr. Davis of the chance of winning, and create appalling confusion. Therefore, while not forgetting our political ills and your grievances, I thank you very much for your good-will and retire from the field. Perhaps four or eight or twelve or twenty years from now a situation may arise in which some one else may lead a new party with the assurance that he will get either so few votes or so many as not to jeopardize the smooth functioning of the electoral college. Faithfully yours,
>
> ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Would not the *World* call for a lunacy commission?

If the election were thrown into the Senate, the *World* says, the result would in no sense "come from an exercise of the people's will." Is that Mr. La Follette's fault? Moreover (and nobody knows this better than the *World*), the people's will is constantly thwarted by other anachronisms in our political life. It was not the people's will which nominated Mr. Harding or Mr. Davis. It was not the people's will which decreed that a Congress elected in November, 1922, should not sit until December, 1923. Those who are really concerned as to the people's will ought to be the first to say "Hats Off!" to the La Follette movement. It is the product of the spontaneous desire of great groups of our citizenry. It is financed by no group of big-business men and engineered by no corrupt political machine. It is without party machinery, yet it is spreading like wildfire.

Supposing—and it is not more impossible than it was for Roosevelt to outrun Taft in 1912—that the third party should run second, but that Mr. Davis, by reason of the solid Southern bloc, should win just enough electoral votes to deadlock the electoral college? The offender would then be Mr. Davis, not Mr. La Follette. Would not the Washington *Post*, which declares that "if too many votes support a third ticket the actual will of the people of the United States may be thwarted," then be justified in berating the Democrats for having thwarted the people's will by casting too many Democratic votes? And why, if it is a question of Mr. La Follette's having too many votes, do not these papers simplify the problem and specify just how many votes the followers of La Follette shall graciously be allowed to cast? The people's will! Well, only 58 per cent of the American electorate voted in 1920. Despite his huge majority, less than 35 per cent of the electorate voted for Mr. Harding—he was a minority President as was Wilson in 1912. Did the *World* cry out in 1912 or 1920 that the will of the majority had been thwarted?

No brave, independent action was ever taken in our political life without someone solemnly wagging his head to declare it meant confusion. No great reform was ever achieved save in the face of endless assurances that it meant chaos and the thwarting of the people's will—this was notably true of the anti-slavery struggle. No such contest would ever have been won had men been deterred by fear of the effect upon the Constitution—radical anti-

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slavery men publicly burned the slavery-protecting Constitution. If chaos comes in our political life this autumn the responsibility will not be Robert La Follette's, but that of the masters of privilege, those dominators of our political and business life who are responsible for conditions that cry to the stars for remedy, who are driving Americans into that revolution for which Woodrow Wilson called, which he strove in vain to bring about. To Robert La Follette attaches only honor for his readiness to take up the fight where Wilson left it, for his willingness to raise up a standard of revolt to which honest Americans may repair.

## Debunking

HISTORY can wait. Time brings to light contemporary letters and journals, picturing the "great men" of a day as keen associates really saw them—although even then the piety of editors too often deletes the most expressive phrases in order that the poor public may not be too harshly disillusioned. Meanwhile the poor public, victim of its incurably respectful reporters, usually lives in a fairyland of myth and hero-worship.

The Kaiser and the Crown Prince are suffering the deflation process in their own lifetimes. For the sake of their legends they should have died at the front on armistice morning. Instead, they fled in disguise to Holland, and that fact, which could hardly be glossed over by the friendliest correspondents, began a process which still continues. The inside stories of their diplomatic experiments, their marginal notes, even their letter-paper is being exposed to a cynical world. The latest revelations come from the private letters of Kiderlen-Waechter, who crowned a long diplomatic career by becoming Foreign Minister in 1910. Kiderlen, writing to his *amie,* tells how, during the Turco-Italian war, the Crown Prince wrote him on paper decorated with a colored sketch of a *cocotte,* suggesting that Germany should seize the occasion to get something out of Turkey. He also paints a pretty picture of the Kaiser on his private yacht in the North Sea, amusing himself by putting a group of fat generals through setting-up exercises, laughing and poking them in the ribs, while the irate supporters of the monarchy tried to look as if they liked it.

While Germany is being debunked, however, we Americans are still in the grasp of political myths. Frank R. Kent, the veteran Washington correspondent, delivers a mighty blow at our American illusions in the current issue of the *American Mercury.* Newspaper reporters, he says, are as unaware as the public that they are engaged in a "conspiracy to keep from the public the facts about public men." It does not matter whether their papers are hostile or friendly, the reporters uniformly help build myths. The explanation is simple enough:

> The reporter's business is to get news. The more news he gets the more secure his job and the greater his value to his paper. The public official has what the reporter has to have, to wit, news. Competition with other reporters and the fear of being beaten spur him to the closest possible relationship with every man who has it. . . . As a matter of self-interest his effort is to establish friendly personal relations with his news source. He thinks the way to do this is by protecting him, refraining from telling rude and illuminating truths about him, sidetracking little details that would be unpleasant or hurtful. . . .

Hence the Coolidge myth. The Boston newspapermen knew that he did nothing about the police strike until it was all over, but they bootlicked the Governor and built up a legend. Every Washington reporter knows, as Mr. Kent points out, that as Vice-President Mr. Coolidge was "so near nothing" that his party intended not to renominate him. He became President, and the legend-mills set to work again. The reporters meet him twice a week. They see him as "a very much dismayed and huddled little man who is as close to complete futility as any man in his position can ever get"; they know that what he says to them "is mostly non-committal, neutral, evasive"—but they must have good stories. So they "inject their own vigor into those pale and anemic utterances"—and "the weak and watery utterances of a passive and pallid little man, torn by indecision and doubt, become the forceful and vigorous talk of a red-blooded, resolute, two-fisted, fighting executive, thoroughly aroused and determined." The public comes to believe that a strong, silent man sits in the White House.

How are we to escape such myths? There is no ready answer, but there is an encouraging fact to report. Among the most successful and appreciated Washington correspondents are William Hard, Frank R. Kent, and Clinton W. Gilbert. Gilbert and Kent played the game for years. Today they are busily pricking soap-bubbles. Is it an omen?

## The Father of the Brownies

PALMER COX is dead; the Brownies have lost their father. A generation now sedate in middle age was surprised to learn that the creator of its childhood friends had lived so long. The Brownies had become almost as authentic and universal a part of American childhood as Cooper's red Indians. For nearly half a century Cox's whimsical genius had been equipping their thin-legged bodies with dress suits and policemen's garb, stocking caps and nautical dress, and sending them forth on high adventures. Generations of children and ex-children lose a friend.

Cox's must have been a rarely happy life. He was one of those fortunate persons whose talents rescue them from a life of dull business. He grew up in a Scotch settlement in Quebec, but early wandered to California, where he made two false starts toward the happiness he achieved in the days when his Brownies were making *St. Nicholas* famous. Eleven of his thirteen Brownie-books are still in print: and hardly a year passes without a reissue of one or another of them. Their royalties made it possible for him to build and live in a Brownie castle in his boyhood home.

Strictly speaking, of course, Palmer Cox did not "create" the Brownies. They crossed the ocean when his ancestors came from Scotland. Cornwall knows Brownies, and Scotch tradition swarms with them. Medieval German houses bear carved figures of Kobolds obviously related to the creatures of Cox's fancy. Rome and Arabia were peopled with similar beings. But he rescued them from the byways of folk-lore and made their antics a living part of contemporary life; his Brownies were as much his own creations as the Kewpies are Rose O'Neill's, and that their popularity survives his death at eighty-four is eloquent tribute to his genius. For the fancies of childhood are fleeting, and it is rare that one generation will read the favorites of its parents' youth.

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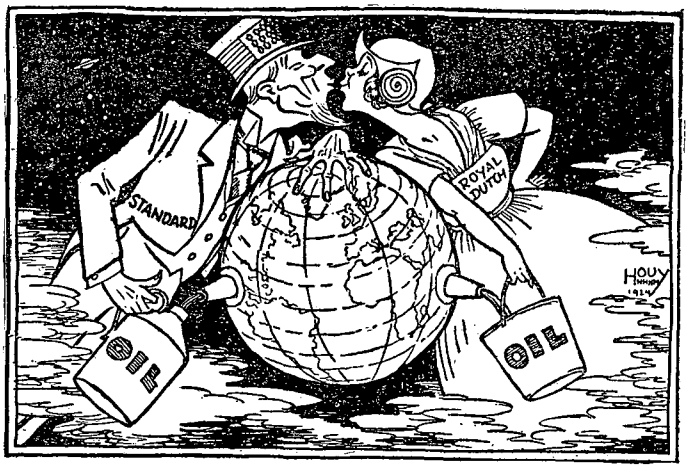
# Sinclair *vs.* Standard Oil in Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, June*

SOMEWHERE in the United States the Sinclair Oil Company and the Standard Oil make common use of a small pipe line. Elsewhere in the United States and throughout the world the two companies are cutthroat competitors. Sinclair is the youthful rebel of the oil industry. He has broken lances with the Standard Oil in Persia and indirectly in Soviet Russia, for when he went to Moscow last summer trailing Senator Fall, Mason Day, and a host of others behind him in the hope of obtaining a concession in Baku he was defying the mighty House of Rockefeller, which claimed Baku as its own. Sinclair was stepping in where angels feared to tread, and he knew—he said so to his coworkers here—that a Nemesis would pursue him. He was in "for the greatest battle of his life."




From the *New Leader* (London)

**The Marriage of the Oil Trusts**

Baku is probably the richest oil-field in the world. Before the war most of it was held by the Swedish Nobel Oil Company. After the Bolshevik revolution the Standard Oil, by which we generally mean the Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Standard Oil of New York, bought up most of the Nobel interests in Baku. The Communists, however, nationalized the wells and refineries of Baku, and have never paid any heed at all to the Standard Oil's claim.

Actually, however, the Standard Oil's animosity toward Soviet Russia was born in Persia, and here, too, Sinclair plays an important role. The tale goes back to March, 1916, when Akaky Mefodievitch Khostaria, a Russian citizen, obtained a concession from the Persian Government to exploit the oil-fields in the five provinces of North Persia. But it was obtained, according to Wossoughod Dowleh, several times Prime Minister of Persia, "under coercion by the Czarist Government and without the consent of the Persian Parliament."

On May 8, 1920, Khostaria sold all his rights in North Persia to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, in which the British Government holds the controlling interest. In February, 1921, the Soviet Government signed a treaty with the Persian Government according to which the Khostaria concession and "all other concessions forced from the Government of Persia by the late Czarist Government for itself and its subjects" were declared "null and void." By the same treaty the Shah's Government pledged itself not to hand over any of the canceled concessions to any third state or its citizens without the approval of the Soviet Government.

With the claims of the Anglo-Persian Company to the North Persian fields thus canceled, the Standard Oil appeared in the field. Much of what transpired is veiled in doubt, but the course events took cannot be mistaken. The Standard Oil obtained a lien upon the concession in December, 1921. In March, 1922, however, it was still discussing with the Persian Government the form of a proposed loan and the matter of "moral suasion" by American financial advisers. In accordance with this program in the summer of 1922 the United States Department of State sent a financial mission, headed by Dr. A. C. Millspaugh, one of the Department's officers, to Persia; its members became Persian officials and are still there. At this time Mr. Hughes was insisting to Lord Curzon on an "open door" for the Standard Oil in Mesopotamia and Palestine—British mandated countries. Curzon was adamant and clouds gathered over the Anglo-American horizon. Then Sir John Cadman, former British Oil Controller, technical adviser to the Anglo-Persian, supplanted the diplomats and undertook direct negotiations with the American oil companies. A give-and-take ensued: the British satisfied the Standard Oil's desire for a share in Mosul's production and in whatever oil might be struck near the Dead Sea (where the Standard Oil has been prospecting for some time), and the Standard Oil abandoned its independent concession and identified itself on a fifty-fifty basis with the Anglo-Persian's claim on the Khostaria concession. Obviously the two companies were convinced that their joint power backed by the influence of their governments could bring to life what Persia had declared dead. Mr. Hughes, indeed, officially expressed his "approval" of the Khostaria claim—although at a later date Mr. Sinclair forced him to inform the Persian press that, as between two American oil companies, he was neutral.

Here the Soviet Government enters the scene. Russia is naturally averse to British penetration of North Persia; such penetration would make Great Britain Russia's next-door neighbor. In pre-war days the problem was solved by vivisecting Persia into English and Russian "spheres of influence." At present the British and the Anglo-Persian with the D'Arcy concession still hold South Persia, while Russia exercises its influence, first, by the veto on oil concessions in North Persia which the 1921 treaty gives it, and, secondly, by its control of the only commercially available route for bringing oil out of North Persia into the outside world—the one that leads across the Caspian and the Caucasus to the Black Sea.

Accordingly, when the Standard Oil joined hands with the Anglo-Persian in supporting the Khostaria concession, Soviet Russia immediately saw the danger of British penetration via the Standard and forthwith entered its objections. Thereupon the Persian Government repulsed the Standard Oil, and subsequently lent an ear to Harry F. Sinclair. In June, 1923, it passed a law providing for con-

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cession of the northern oil-fields to an "independent" American company, in return for a $10,000,000 loan and other valuable considerations, and in December it signed an agreement with a Sinclair representative. This agreement, however, required ratification by the Persian Parliament and difficulties ensued. Sinclair may have resorted to American tricks, for the Teheran journal *Naserelmelleh* of January 15, 1924, charges that he gave the Persian Prime Minister a bribe of $275,000. This has, of course, been denied. Be that as it may, Sinclair has the inside track. In fact the Rosta correspondent at the Shah's capital recently reported the arrival there of a Sinclair agent who had come to arrange the terms of the $10,000,000 loan on which the concession is conditioned. The only substantial security which the Persian Government can pledge in support of such a loan is its right to 16 per cent royalties on the Anglo-Persian oil-fields in South Persia, however, and naturally the British interests fight the proposal to have their revenues used in aid of an American concession. Hence the delay in ratifying Sinclair's concession and hence, probably, the revolutionary disturbances in Persia last March.

Sinclair's victory over the Standard Oil in Persia was at least indirectly the result of Soviet Russia's intervention. Add to this the circumstance that the Communists granted Sinclair a concession for oil in Sakhalin and that they subsequently entertained a proposition from him for a more valuable concession in the Caucasus, and one may feel that there is a case against the Moscow Government for allying itself with the dark and unscrupulous force which the Sinclair company has proved to be.

This would be a misinterpretation. The truth of the matter is that with the exception of such companies as the Gulf and Texas Oil, which however have never ventured beyond the Western Hemisphere, Sinclair is the best and almost the only Soviet customer.

The British companies are eliminated as a matter of course. For if the Russian Government is opposed to having the British as neighbors in Persia it would hardly be likely to invite them into its own home. The oil of the Caucasus is the great prize in the Near East. English interest in the Georgian Menshevik Government and all of Churchill's and Curzon's schemes for intervention in Soviet Russia were probably dictated in large part by a desire to gain a foothold in the Caucasus and obtain possession of its invaluable petroleum resources at Grosni and Baku. In fact the British and their puppet Russian generals did capture and hold Baku till as late as April, 1920, when they were finally dislodged by the Red Army. Even to this day—so it is charged—the British carry on intrigues and propaganda in the Caucasus with a view toward weakening the Soviet regime there. That Russia should therefore bar British oil interests from the Caucasus will be readily understood.

The writer recently showed to a member of the collegium of five of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs a clipping from the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* to the effect that in connection with the Russo-Dutch diplomatic negotiations the Russians had listened to a proposal from the Royal Dutch Oil Company—in reality a British organization—regarding a concession in the Caucasus. He denied the rumor and added: "You may take it for your general guidance that the Bolshevik Government will grant no concessions for oil to English companies." (The Emba oil-field, lying deep in the trans-Caspian region and far removed from any territory under British influence, is probably the only exception to this rule.)

The Standard Oil Company is subject to the same suspicion, for, though it may fight certain British oil firms with money and cannon in some parts of the globe, it is suspect to the Russians because of its alliance with the Anglo-Persian in Mesopotamia and in Persia and because of a deal with the Royal Dutch-Shell oil interests with regard to Russian oil.

Remains Sinclair. But, the same member of the Foreign Office's collegium said to me: "We would much rather deal with the Standard Oil, whose financial and political influence is far greater than that of Sinclair." The connotation here is clear enough. Russia needs money and wants recognition. It is prepared to barter its oil for these. Soviet Russia is perhaps the richest oil country in the world. The Baku field is estimated to have an underground supply of from eight to nine billion barrels of the crude product. The oil of the Grosni district, likewise tremendously rich, contains from 7 to 8 per cent of paraffin and is therefore the best in the world. Then there is the Emba field, the Fergana region in Central Asia, and the Kuban. If the Soviet Government possessed the necessary funds it would keep these valuable resources for itself. It would drill, draw, and refine the oil and then pocket all the profits. But to do so equipment, improvement, and development are needed, which the state cannot afford. Last year Russia's total oil output amounted to 400 million poods; this year production could easily be increased, but the Government does not plan to go beyond the 400 million figure simply because funds are lacking. Hence the policy of concessions.

The Standard Oil, however, does not want a concession. The Standard Oil wants the Nobel holdings in the Caucasus which it claims, denationalized. It wants them as its own unquestioned property and not as a qualified concession from the Bolsheviks. Therefore the Standard Oil (and Mr. Hughes) insist on denationalization in Soviet Russia. Mr. Hughes sets it as one of the conditions for United States recognition of Soviet Russia.

About a year ago Mr. Dodge of the Standard Oil visited Moscow and probably attempted to persuade the Bolsheviks to denationalize his company's holdings in the oil-fields. He failed. It is just possible that Mr. Dodge's failure is somewhat related to Mr. Hughes's failure to accord recognition to Soviet Russia.

The question of recognition was also involved in Russia's dealings with Sinclair. The Sakhalin concession, it will be remembered, was granted to the Sinclair company on condition that the concession becomes invalid if after five years (1927) the United States has not recognized Soviet Russia. The larger and more valuable concession which brought Sinclair to Moscow last July also had a rider: a loan of $250,000,000. So big a loan plus the tremendous investment which such a concession requires must be protected, and there can be no protection without diplomatic recognition. The American lender-concessionnaire would therefore be inclined to bring pressure on his Government to establish friendly relations with Soviet Russia. To this extent the offer of a concession to Sinclair in the Caucasus was a bid for American recognition.

Nobody will say whether recognition was discussed between Sinclair and Litvinov. It may well be that Sinclair did explain that since President Harding was his friend and several cabinet members his pals, he could be of no little use to Russia in obtaining recognition—provided, of

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course, he got the oil. But such things can go without saying.

The blow which the Walsh investigation gave Sinclair obviously prevented him from floating anything like a quarter-billion-dollar loan for Russia. It also removed his pals from office. If now the forthcoming elections remove Mr. Hughes from office, denationalization and oil will cease to play a role in the question of American recognition of Russia; the matter can be determined by the healthy instinct of two large nations to be on good terms with each other.

And the fate of Russian oil? Recognition by the United States and by Great Britain may bring the Moscow Government credits and loans with the aid of which it would itself operate the oil-fields of the Caucasus. Or the Soviet Government may continue its concession policy. In that event American companies would enjoy a virtual monopoly, for though the Emba field may be granted to the Shell company, which held title to it before the war, the unfathomable wealth of the Caucasus would await American exploitation. The Standard Oil's union with the Anglo-Persian may in itself not eliminate the Rockefeller company unless it chooses to eliminate itself by further agreements with other British organizations like the Royal Dutch and the Shell. For in reality such agreements, which have already been rumored, are not at all matters of business. They are rather an outgrowth of the desire of the Standard Oil to draw an iron ring around Russia by inducing all the powerful oil firms of the world to keep "hands off Russian oil" until Russia recognizes the rights of former owners in the Caucasus. Such a boycott would supposedly bring Russia to her knees. With Sinclair unable to raise the necessary capital the Standard Oil may feel that its battle is won. But Russia can wait.

## New Morals for Old

# Women – Free for What?

By EDWIN MUIR

IN the beginning of the Scottish Shorter Catechism there is a beautiful affirmation. "The chief end of man," it says, "is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever."

To any one nourished on the literature and thought of the last half-century that sentence, which defines the chief purpose of life as praise and enjoyment, comes like an audacious blasphemy, a blasphemy, however, bringing light and freedom. The terms of the dogma are a little antiquated now, but it would be easy to restate them in modern language. For "God" we might substitute "nature and man" or, if we were metaphysically inclined, "God in nature and man." The authors of the Shorter Catechism, entangled as they were in a gloomy theology, recognized that the significance of life cannot reside in the labor by which men maintain it, but in some kind of realization of ourselves and of the world which is the highest enjoyment conceivable of both.

Let us go back for a few decades and see if we can catch the values of our time confusedly shaping themselves within the framework of human life. I say shaping themselves, for as Nietzsche said fifty years ago, the time of the conscious valuers has passed; our values for a century have not been created, they have happened. They happened because men had become skeptical not merely of God, or of the existence of a moral order, but of life itself, and could not set before themselves any purpose justifying life, but only its bare mechanism, work, duty, the preservation of society. It has been, thus, one of the main achievements of modern thought to banish from the world the notion of enjoyment. This was begun first in a philosophical way by the utilitarians, who were reasonably convinced that, factories existing for the first time as far as they knew in history, it was incumbent on men to work in them. A fine philosophy, truly; yet men believed in it. After the utilitarians came the advocates of self-help, who showed that the utilitarian policy might not be without individual advantage; that if one cut off one's pleasures, or at least those which cost money, one might win a bizarre, undreamed-of success. The anchorites of wealth arose, the great men who, when they had acquired riches which might have built a new Florence, if scarcely a new Jerusalem, could make no use of them, preferring to teach in Sunday-schools and endow universities. In the eyes of these men wealth was justified only if it could not be enjoyed, for enjoyment was the one thing which went against all their ideas, all those instincts which had set them where they stood. Wealth, thus, could not be enjoyed, could not be used, for when they had reached their end the means still remained means.

The disciples of Smiles have disappeared; men get rich in other ways now; nevertheless a whole view of life has been left behind which we have not fundamentally questioned. The Victorians established the basis of morals in utility; we have come to the stage when we imagine that the basis of life itself is utility. For recreation as an end in itself we have so little appreciation that even sport has become a kind of duty, and nothing is more devastating than the scorn of a conscientious athlete for those who, enjoying perfectly good health, do not go to the trouble of keeping themselves fit. A little unpremeditated pleasure still persists in our common lives, in fox-trotting, drinking, and revues, but it is without either taste or resource; it is not expression but simply relaxation, an amusing way of being tired. The one thing that people will not pardon is the taking of pleasure seriously as an end in itself. The aesthete, at the Renaissance a type of the opulence of life, and quite a common, indeed an expected type, is in our day an aberration demanding our satire when once we have overcome our indignation. Nothing shows more disastrously how incapable we are of entertaining the conviction that life in itself, apart from the labor necessary to make it possible, is a thing worth living. Even art has justified itself for several decades chiefly by its social utility, and only now, against strong opposition, is it escaping from the barriers set up by the generation overawed by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells. The notion that men may be on the earth for something else than sweating is dead. We have arrived at an amazing incapacity for joy; and

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life is to us always less worth living than it should be.

This exaltation of means has brought about a general instrumentalization of life. It weighs heavily upon men; but upon women its weight is crushing, for women have not such a ready capacity as men for transforming themselves to the image of their functions, and they disfigure themselves more in the attempt. Consequently, as woman has taken a larger and larger part in our tentative and unsatisfactory civilization she has undergone, in fact and in people's minds, a distorting process. It is true, woman, lovely woman, the fair charmer, has passed away; but we are hardly better off now when she has become a term like economics. After the economic man has come the economic woman; that is, an entity almost as useful as machinery, and for the inner culture of mankind almost as uninteresting.

How, in striving for emancipation, woman has reached such a dismal stage in her development is one of the saddest stories of our time. The age is an age of work; woman desires freedom, the right of every human being; and freedom in such an age can only mean the freedom to work. But to work, except in a few vocations such as art, is in our time to specialize oneself, and the freedom of women has necessarily resolved itself into a permission to do little things which can give them no final satisfaction. Their freedom is bounded by the slavery under which men, too, suffer; and in changing their occupations they have not escaped from the cage, but only out of one compartment of it into another a little more cheerless than the first. They have achieved a little more liberty than they had before; but this liberty is disenchanting because it leaves them as far away as ever from the full liberty of their spirit. Perhaps in no other age has woman been, in a deep, instinctive sense, so skeptical as she is at present.

And for all this the age—an age in which labor has a fantastic prominence—is responsible; for it is in a time when everybody works, and when there is nothing conceivable that one can do but work, that the cantankerous question of inequality arises. Only in a race can one be slower than another; only then does the necessity to become as good a runner as the fastest come home poignantly to every one. But if it should happen that life is not a race at all? Where leisure is regarded as a more important thing than work and work falls into its proper, subordinate place as the mere means to leisure one does not think very much about inequality, for it has no longer any urgent importance. Nor does one set much value, except in superficials, on uniformity. Among people free from crushing labor (as the whole human race may some time be) there has always been delight in diversity and scorn for uniformity; for, to people enjoying their spirit and the world, diversity even when it is exasperating is of infinite interest, giving a satisfying sense of the richness of life.

Comedy—and comedy is idleness tolerantly enjoying itself—is founded, it has been said, upon a recognition of the equality of the sexes; but it would be more just to say that it is founded upon a view of life into which the notions of equality and inequality do not enter at all, because they are unnecessary. To Congreve and Stendhal women were not the inferior sex, for, in spite of the conventions in which ostensibly they moved, they were free, and therefore interesting. And remote as these figures are from us, they demonstrate a very useful truth, that the way to get over our stupid obsession with inequality is to reach a stage where diversity will be the norm, involving disadvantage to no one. Toward that stage, which can only be made possible by a more general leisure, we are moving, if what the reformers and the scientists tell us is true. It will be a stage in which rules will have more importance than laws and spontaneous actions than obligations; and most of the things we do will be regarded as play rather than duty. Conduct will probably be about a fourth of life, instead of the three-fourths postulated by Matthew Arnold. And although this state has not come yet and may not come for a long time, it would be as sensible to found a philosophy upon it as upon a period of transition as dismal and impermanent as ours. Moreover the values of the past are against us as well as those of the future which we imagine. There is a certain ignobility in the dispute over human inequality, a failure to rise to the human level. It is not a question but a misunderstanding, which the accumulated imaginative culture of the world might have made impossible. A little sense of the richness of life would disperse it. Who would be so fantastic as to say that Falstaff is greater or less than Ophelia, or whether Uncle Toby is the exact equal of Anna Karenina? To ask the question is to evoke at once an image of the diverse riches of human nature and of the poverty of mind which can reduce it to such terms, destroying all interest and all nuance.

But where our instrumental philosophy has had the most grotesque effect has been upon our conception of love. People have come to regard love as merely a device for propagating the race. Now this view of love is not new; it has always been dear to the bourgeoisie, who have always thought it a matter of immense moment that they should have sons to carry on their businesses when they were dead. It is the immemorial philistine conception of love: the strange thing is that it has been taken over by the intelligentsia and glorified. This is in the strictest sense a revolution in thought. No one who has written beautifully of love has thought of it as the intellectuals think. To Plato and Dante the essence of love did not reside in procreation; nor has procreation been anything but a divine accident to the poets. And that is in the human tradition, and probably in the natural order of things; for it is possible that both love and procreation are most perfect when they are unpremeditated, and the child comes as a gift and a surprise; for in the fruits of joy there is a principle of exuberance which distinguishes them from the fruits of duty.

The intellectuals have destroyed the humanistic conception of love as pure spontaneity, as expression, by setting its justification not within itself, but in the child. In "Man and Superman" Mr. Shaw makes Tanner say that if our love did not produce another human being to serve the community, the community would have the sacred right of killing us off, just as the hive kills off the drones who do not attain the queen bee. But what does that mean? It means that happiness is of no importance, that it is a matter of the slightest moment whether, in a life which will never be given to us again, we realize some of the potentialities of our being or pass through it blind to the end. If it is worth while living at all, this must needs be the precise opposite of the truth. The child, like everything else, is justified; but it is not justified because it adds to the potential wealth of society, but because it adds to our present delight, and moreover lives a life as valid as our own. The truth is that we dare not admit that any pleasure whatever has a right to exist without serving society, and serving it deliberately.

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The joys of other generations have become our duties; and it is significant that Mr. Shaw and the bulk of the intelligentsia are at one on the birth-rate with the Roman Catholic Church, that church which has on many occasions through its theologians affirmed its belief that sensual love is a guilty thing, and, using its own kind of logic, has exhorted man to multiply and replenish the earth.

"The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever"; and that being so, it is the task of those who are a little more serious than the serious to set about discovering the principles of glory and enjoyment in life. And—I am setting down a truism—the main principle of enjoyment for the human race is not art, nor thought, nor the practice of virtue, but for man, woman, and for woman, man. The exchange of happiness between the sexes is not only the creative agent in human life, perpetuating it; it is also the thing which gives the perpetuation of life its chief meaning. People have always felt this vaguely; it has made labor endurable to them; but hardly ever have they recognized it clearly, and to the poets and artists who know it they have always responded a little skeptically. They have thought of love as a justification a little too materialistic for life; but love is only materialistic when it is regarded as a means.

To accept men and women as ends in themselves, to enter into their life as one of them, is to partake of absolute life, that life which at every moment realizes itself, existing for its own sake. We cannot live in that life continuously; for the accomplishment of the intricate purposes of society we must at certain times and with part of our minds regard our fellow-creatures as instruments; but the more we tend to do so the more we banish joy from life. Life does not consist, whatever the utilitarians may say, in functioning, but in living; and life comes into being where men and women, not as functions, but as self-constituted entities, intersect. This is the state which in religion as well as art has been called life; this is the final life of the earth, beyond which there is no other. We may accept it or pass it by; but whatever we may do with it, it is our chief end, giving meaning to the multitudinous pains of humanity. This commerce between men and women is not merely sexual, in the narrow sense which we have given the word; it involves every human joy, all the thoughts and aspirations of mankind stretching into infinity. It is the thing which has inspired all great artists, mystical as well as earthy. It is the point of reference for any morality which is not a disguised kind of adaptation; for virtue consists in the capacity to partake freely of human happiness. All reform, all economic and political theory has a meaning in so far as it makes for this; and that was recognized by the first reformers, the utopians who had not yet become mere specialists in reform.

The libertarian movement has been such a dismal affair, thus, not because it has been too free, but because it has not been free enough. The democracies and the women of the world have been potentially liberated; but not so very long ago they were slaves, and they have still a slave's idea of freedom. Instead of equal joys they have asked for equal obligations; and the whole world is in the grip of a psychological incapacity to escape from the idea of obligation. Against the unreasonable solemnity which this has imposed on everything there is little left for us except a deliberate and reasonable light-heartedness; this, and the faith that the human race will some time attain the only kind of freedom worth striving for, a freedom in joy.

# La Follette's Party—Will It Last?

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

TO this reporter the elements supporting La Follette seem to be fortuitously conjoined members of a body of clay into which La Follette will have to breathe the breath of life if the body is to remain intact and spring to its feet and live as a new and permanent political party.

Each of the three great elements supporting La Follette is doing it for a special separate reason of its own.

Let us consider, first, the railroad trade unions. Why was it that in the Cleveland convention the railroad trade unions were so strongly represented and the plumbers and carpenters and bricklayers and cigar-makers and barbers and textile workers and iron-puddlers—and even miners—were relatively so weakly and scantily, and sometimes even negligibly, represented?

Is the locomotive engineer by inherent nature more radical than the carpenter? Is the railroad conductor by inherent nature a more outbreaking character than the miner? Are the "aristocrats of labor" in our train service more democratic politically than the lower branches of the labor tree?

The answer manifestly simply is that the railroad trade unions have a special grievance of their own in relation to the Government and in relation to their employers under the Esch-Cummins Transportation Law. When and if that grievance is abated we must in common-sense expect to see an averaging-out of the radicalism of the railroad trade unions and of the radicalism of other unions.

Meanwhile, a large part of the agricultural element which will support La Follette in the Northwest has been brought to its present state of mind by innumerable orations declaring that the specific proof of the need of a new political movement is the low price of wheat.

In the first two decades of this century a relative rise in the price of farm products, especially as compared with railroad freight rates, was accompanied by an almost complete disappearance of the old Granger and Greenback and Anti-Monopoly and Populist movements which had rallied and thrilled the agricultural West and Northwest during the last three decades of the last century.

In 1892 the Populists got a million votes at the polls and twenty-two votes in the presidential electoral college. In 1900 they got fifty thousand votes at the polls and not one electoral vote.

What is to prevent a relative revival of agricultural prosperity from doing to the La Follette party what it did to the Populist Party?

The third great element energetically promoting and supporting La Follette—in addition to the railroad trade unions and the Northwestern farmers—is the Socialist Party of Debs and Hillquit. Most of the railroad trade unionists and most of the Northwestern farmers are far

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indeed from being Socialists. They are distinctly non-Socialist. So are all the members of La Follette's own immediate machine, and so is La Follette himself.

On domestic issues the La Follette party has a pro-governmentalist wing, as illustrated by Hillquit of New York, and it has an anti-governmentalist wing, as illustrated by Voigt of Wisconsin, a La Folletteist who in the House of Representatives was one of the official managers of the opposition to the governmental wheat-trading corporation proposed by the McNary-Haugen bill.

On foreign issues the La Follette party has a pro-League wing, as illustrated by William H. Johnston, who was chairman of the Cleveland convention, and by Burton K. Wheeler, who is the party's candidate for Vice-President, and it has an anti-League wing, as illustrated by Shipstead of Minnesota, who is the outstanding figure among the outright Farmer-Laborites of the Northwest, and by La Follette, the party's candidate for President.

Is each of the two old parties divided on crucial issues? So is the new party.

What dominant idea can fuse the elements of the new party together? What permanent idea, what permanent vision, can keep the hungry elements of the new party alert and alive for "progress" when perhaps their hunger has been satisfied by larger personal incomes and when they are tempted to follow the old Populists back from penniless radicalism to affluent political regularity?

There is only one State in this Union in which a radical movement has outlasted internal divisions and has outlasted prosperity. That State is Wisconsin.

Wilsonian Democratic radicalism in New Jersey in 1911 and 1912 produced the famous legislative "Seven Sisters" against "monopoly" and in favor of "the new freedom" in the economic life of the State, and then the "Seven Sisters" became wall-flowers and "the new freedom" became a mirage and Wilsonian Democratic radicalism in New Jersey became an empty memory.

Johnsonian Republican radicalism brought forth immensely larger fruits and gave California a new governmental era, which in the essential machinery of it has remained operative till now. Yet, with the temporary decline of Johnson's personal power in California, no new fruits are today apparent in the Californian political air. It has become an air carrying few seeds of change.

Meanwhile in Wisconsin—and in Wisconsin alone—a progressive movement, showing its head above ground sturdily in 1898, is still throwing out new branches and bringing forth new fruits from the same roots and the same sap in 1924.

What is the explanation? Is there an explanation? This writer will attempt one in an ensuing article.

Here he points out just two summary facts.

In the first place the Wisconsin movement has been characterized by a deep passion for human personal individual liberty—and liberation. People were to be freed from so-called "subjection" to railroad corporations but they were also to be freed, for instance, from subjection to their own ignorance. They were to get ahead not merely by throwing the railroad corporations off their backs but also then by doing something for themselves in their own sweat. Therefore the La Follette movement enormously and spectacularly supported the State University in its effort to study out and develop the means by which the individual farmer and the individual wage-earner and (for that matter) the individual business man might by his own exertions find for himself new capacity and new liberty and new prosperity together.

In the second place, and in association with this interest in liberty, the La Follette movement in Wisconsin has never attempted to make the State the operator of business but only an agency through which a fairer field—fairer in justice and fairer in fruits—could be given to the private operators of it in so far as was consistent with their duties to other tax-payers and to consumers.

The La Follette movement in Wisconsin has not been socialism in harmony with Mr. Hillquit's idea. It has not been individualism in harmony with this writer's idea. It has been an in-between third thing—the only thing of its kind in America—the only thing that has kept a so-called progressive movement in America permanently intact and alert and alive. In an article next week this writer will essay to describe it in operating practice as the possible coming inspiration of the suddenly assembled and incoherent and unadjusted political body which La Follette is now nationally leading.

# In the Driftway

ANTHROPOLOGISTS who for the last fortnight may have been smacking their lips in joyous anticipation of a feast to make the researches of Mr. Beebe and his companions seem like the attempts of mere infants in the art of fauna-hunting may now sit back quietly in their chairs, unfurrow their brows, roll down their sleeves, and heave a sigh of relief—not unmixed, the Drifter fancies, with a tinge of disappointment. They may even go on comfortably with their summer vacationing, safe in the knowledge that there are no rock-hurling apemen at large in the untenanted jungles of the Northern Pacific coast. The Drifter sits back, too, and idly goes on with his own summer plans—which include a trip abroad when rates are at their lowest—but not before he casts a roving eye over the cuttings that strew his desk and are, alas, all that remains of what might have been the nucleus of a new and exciting chapter of life in the animal kingdom. And he reflects, too, on the possibility that real apemen who inhabit far-away regions as yet unexplored may even now be swinging by their prehensile tails and snickering over the gullibility of their more civilized human relatives in distant zones.

* * * *

WHAT started it all was the report which came winging across from the West two weeks ago: A tribe of apemen had appeared in the wild mountain defiles of Washington, and had made battle with stones on a lonely prospector's cabin. What really happened will doubtless never find its way into the first readers and history primers of another generation, but certain it is that the waiting East was thereafter treated to a fortnight of fantastic journalistic narrative, with the result that the archives have been prepared with oil and wine, fine linen and purple against the reception of this latest living contribution to their treasures. The Drifter suspects that many a thrill of joy in that fortnight has passed up the spines of a round hundred scientifically inclined college professors weary of tipping back their chairs on the boarding-house porch or

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waiting for a bite more promising than a bull-head or a catfish.

* * * *

TWO weeks of round-eyed expectation. Two weeks of feverish perusal of the morning news, of vivid conjecture and the consultation of tomes, and of conversation, and controversy. Indian lore, drawn from its source by way of the tribe's most erudite living member, legends and fables unearthed—and always the trimming of fascinating journalistic jargon: "apemen"—"hairy Indians"—"mountain devils"—"giants roving the hills"—"shaggy creatures who kill game by hypnotism"—"ventriloquists."

* * * *

AND then the sickening denouement. The Drifter cannot find the courage to tell of it. He sighs and passes the buck to a fellow-dupe. It is the New York *World* of July 23. The fellow-dupe has nothing to say. It presents cold type, devoid of a touch of human emotion. There is only a stark, brief paragraph, hanging by a thread to the end of a column and looking as though it had been whittled to fit its meager two inches of space:

> PORTLAND, ORE., July 22.—Two boys at the Y. M. C. A. Camp at Spirit Lake on Mount St. Helens believe that they were the "apes" which prospectors reported hurled stones at their cabin recently.
>
> One boy, Maxwell Pierce, wrote to his parents: "We stumbled onto a trail that led to the miners' cabin. A couple of them greeted us with revolvers. They told us we were the first ones ever to find their cabin, but the next day they told the rangers their 'apeman' story."

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## 1848-1860-1924

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "America is no place for third parties"—that is the belief of every 100 per cent American who has not read the history of his country, and probably could not quote a line of the Constitution or the Declaration of Independence. But whether America is a place for third parties or not, we have to admit that there have been third-party movements, one of which finally crystallized into the very party of which Silent Cal is now the leader.

The situation at this time is, in many respects, like that of 1848. Calvin is our Cass, La Follette our Van Buren, but at this writing who can say who is our Taylor? The previous administration had toadied to the slave-owners, and although from the North, Cass refused to "interfere with the rights of the States" in this regard. So today Coolidge has toadied in every respect to Wall Street; in place of the Mexican War we have the oil scandal, which the President has all but condoned, doing nothing to punish the wrongdoers.

The Socialist Party occupies the position of the old Liberty Party, which compromised with the "progressives" of the time in the formation of the Free Soil Party. While this party was not strong enough to win its way, it did hurt the other parties. Van Buren, a lifelong Democrat, left his party for his ideals, sacrificed his position in society, and ran as a "radical." La Follette, whatever have been his views, has always been a Republican in name, though he may have little in common with Lodge or Coolidge. But neither did Van Buren and Calhoun have much in common, though both were members of the same party. And just as Van Buren probably drew more votes from Cass in 1848, especially in the North, than from Taylor, so will La Follette probably draw more votes from Coolidge than from the Democratic nominee and secure the latter's election.

Yes, and in 1846-1848 we had a great Puritan reform movement and the beginning of the anti-Catholic, anti-"furriner," 100 per cent Nordic American Party which lived and died and then was resurrected in the form of the more powerful Know-Nothing Party.

This brings us to the analogy between La Follette and Lincoln, probably the two most honest, whatever else may be said, of all the characters that have ever appeared in American political life. Lincoln would never have been elected if he had not had three opponents. La Follette cannot be elected, except by a miracle, if there are three parties this fall. But if, like the Know-Nothings, or American Constitutional Party, their offspring, the K. K. K., should put a ticket in the field, "Fighting Bob's" chances would be greatly enhanced.

This will not be another 1912. Will it be an 1848? Will it be an 1860?

*San Francisco, July 4* SAMUEL LEWIS

# Against Gandhi

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder whether your interest in Mr. Gandhi is sufficiently two-sided to permit of my gently protesting against the exaggerations and fulsomeness of some of your recent pieces about him? Your correspondents appear to worship from afar, but if I understand *The Nation* correctly it wants to get the clay feet into perspective when it takes a picture, and to have a good look at the halo, tap it if necessary, to make sure it is not stannous.

What happened is quite simple. When Mr. Gandhi was in South Africa he used the weapon of non-cooperation with a compact and fairly small body of Indians there who were naturally homogeneous. When he became prominent in India he took up the same weapon against excellent advice which urged upon him the fact that he was bound to fail if he used all India. He thought he knew better, but after 1919 he saw for the moment the possibility of danger, and said so when he opened the 1920 campaign. His own words:

> I should cease to cooperate [with the non-cooperators] and advise every Hindu, and for that matter every one else, to cease to cooperate the moment there was violence actually done [by his own followers], advised, or countenanced. I would therefore urge upon all speakers the exercise of the greatest restraint under the greatest provocation. . . . The cause is doomed if anger, hatred, ill-will, recklessness, and finally violence are to reign supreme. I shall resist them with my life, even if I should stand alone.

All unimpeachable sentiments expressed on March 10, 1920, but not for long afterward. (Mind you, this was after Dyer had done his fiendish work at Jallianwallah Bagh; so the worst its rulers could do was already behind poor India.) He took to provocative language. He called the Government devilish and satanic over and over in public, to mobs of every sort. He burned piles of European clothes to the tune of execration. He denounced everything modern, like motor cars and trains, while he himself used them.

When violence appeared *did* he resist with his life? Not in the least. He fasted once or twice for a day or a week, without the least effect upon anybody, as far as one could notice. He called his own passive-resistance movement of 1919 "a Himalayan blunder," but was tempted to repeat the blunder on a large scale in 1920. In March he spoke, as I have shown, but a few months later we heard with horror his announcement that it might be necessary to wade through "rivers of blood" and stride over "mountains of corpses" to get to the goal. Whose blood and bodies? Chauri Chaura is a good specimen of the answer in fact. There the Indian police were burned alive by the Indian people roused by Mr. Gandhi's wild lan-

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guage. You may say he was not to blame. But what then was the good of his several promises to "retire to the Himalayas" if there were violence, or even coercion? Would he had retired! As the number of riots mounted, the Government became anxious. At last came Malabar, after ninety-two other disturbances, some most serious. Not all were directly consequent upon non-cooperation, but the excessive number in the total and the considerable number traceable directly to that prove that Mr. Gandhi is not a man of his word. Well, then Malabar. Thousands dead, tortures unspeakable, homes burned, and all the rest of it. Mr. Gandhi stood helplessly by. But the Government had had all it could stand. What would any government do under such circumstances? It arrested him politely, and gave him comfortable quarters in privacy.

The political workers who really united India were those who built up the home-rule movement from 1913 to 1918—Mr. Tilak, Mrs. Besant, and others. It was they, and not the non-cooperators, who got the announcement of home rule as the goal (Parliament, August 20, 1917) and got the reforms of 1919, in which progressive steps were guaranteed. They in turn built upon the work of the Congresses of preceding years. The Congress had not had the daring and the vision to demand this, but the home rulers had, and they soon got the Congress to accept the demand and back it up. This united the country and gave it hope and enthusiasm. When Mr. Gandhi appeared on the scene he had this capital to use, and he used it most unwisely, squandering it in his visionary schemes, his swaraj-in-a-month-or-two promises (there were several of these) and those wild-cat ventures which exploited schoolboys ruthlessly and poisoned the mind of young India, teaching it to howl down speakers and destroy the magnificent, restrained, but one-pointed will, which the home rulers had evoked.

What did Mr. Gandhi contribute? Disunion, for one thing. The country was united in 1917. All that Mr. Gandhi did was to help break up the firm union. His subtle egotism made him a tool for Islamic interests. Bit by bit he lost his footing in spiritual things, as practical considerations (which he never understood) drove him into corner after corner. Your pages have never dealt with this side of the story. I know that you aim carefully at the truth, but I know also that as regards India you have failed lamentably to hit it.

*Sydney, Australia, May 1* F. KUNZ

## Private Property in Esthonia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter in *The Nation* of April 2—somewhat tardily brought to my attention—Professor Piip, the Esthonian Minister at Washington, commenting on an article of Mr. Louis Fischer's in which references were made to the new Baltic republics, remarks:

> Mr. Fischer overlooked also the agrarian reform put through in Esthonia in 1919 and in Latvia in 1920, by which all the large estates were proclaimed state property and taken over after payment of compensation.

The large estates were, indeed, taken over, but the phrase "after payment of compensation" is a trifle misleading. Payment was offered for the "inventory"—i.e., animals, machinery, etc.—and not infrequently refused by the former estate-owners, in the belief that such acceptance of payment might be construed as acceptance of the principle of confiscation. The question of payment for the land itself was postponed to an indefinite future date.

This partial compensation, based on the pre-war value of the articles in question, turned into Esthonian paper marks at an arbitrary rate of exchange, was so small that the owner of a large and well-developed estate might find himself with no more than enough to pay his board and lodging for a few months in Reval.

That the Esthonian Government, desperately trying to establish itself and make both ends meet after the hurricane of war and revolution, had no funds with which to compensate the estate-owners is understandable enough. That it felt itself compelled to "meet the competition" of Soviet Russia, from which it had just won its independence, is also understandable, although this aspect of the matter can scarcely be gone into here. But it is only fair to the Balt estate-owners to state the plain facts—that their losses as the result of their own revolution were only slightly less complete than those of estate-owners in Russia itself.

*New York, June 14* ARTHUR RUHL

## Hurting France

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his appeal through your columns for books of reference for the University of Strasbourg, André Koszul cites as an example of the way in which the Germans had neglected scientific productions from America the fact that in the library there the Poole's Index to Periodical Literature stops at 1902! Surely the French professor must know that Poole's Index, as such, has stopped, and that for the last twenty years or more its place has been taken by the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. If that is not on the shelves at Strasbourg, it is, indeed, some indictment of German thoroughness, though one wonders why the French, during the five years since the war that they have been in charge, have apparently till now made no effort to supply the deficiency.

I take pleasure in sending the missing volumes and subscribing to the current numbers of the Readers' Guide for the University of Strasbourg. Those who are interested in seeing the writings of one nation studied in another are always glad to respond to an appeal of this kind, even when it is accompanied with an apparent attempt to discredit still another nation. We may feel that some of the finest spirits of France—Renan, Anatole France, Romain Rolland—would not at this time have mixed any such slur with their appeal. It is a shame that other Frenchmen do not realize that such an attempt now to turn prejudice against the Germans merely lends color abroad to the mistaken feeling that such a tendency is characteristic of the French, and thus tends to hurt the reputation of France more than it does that of Germany.

*Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 15* H. W. L. DANA

## Against Blasphemy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The good Lord knows that I am not the most appropriate person to act as Defender of the Faith but I have got to say this or bust:

In the New York *Tribune* of Sunday, July 27, appeared a photograph of one of those terrible boy evangelists who sometimes are spewed forth by the darkest hinterland. The text accompanying the picture announced that the brat had been arrested for speeding, and then, if you please, had prayed for the policeman who arrested him quoting the Bible words: "Forgive them for they know not what they do."

In the name of an outraged citizenry I beg to protest against this vile profanation of an inherently holy sentiment. To publish the mug of that arrogant little wretch is bad enough. But spare us his blasphemy!

*Westport, Connecticut, July 27* H. v. L.

*The next article in the series on New Morals for Old will be Modern Marriage and Ancient Laws, by Arthur Garfield Hays.*

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# Give Not With Your Hands

By MACKNIGHT BLACK

Give not with your hands; they might break, lifting mountains.
Give not with your lips, shaping words like blue swords, or lanterns of silver, to fail.
Give with your heart, like earth, the old giver,
Not knowing what life shall come out of its wholeness,
Thundering the white pear branches of Spring from its silent dark!

# Books

## A Course Charted

*Culture and Democracy in the United States.* By Horace M. Kallen. Boni and Liveright. $3.

ALTHOUGH inseparably bound up with the discussion of the state of civilization in the United States which is the subject of the rest of his book, Mr. Kallen has written in the chapter Humanism and the Industrial Age a critique which goes far beyond the confines of our national cultural problem. It is, as its title denotes, a study of the transformation of the human mind by the forces of our time; it is the philosophical solvent that melts all the inquiries, criticisms, and utopias of the present generation into fluid thought capable of moving toward some attainable goal; it is, in short, the stuff that religions are made of. Given the fundamental ideas at which Mr. Kallen has arrived, a Loyola would have organized a new order in which he could initiate genuinely creative laws of living, a Luther would have arraigned the present spiritual props of our social framework and, like Bryan, would have maneuvered legislatures into making theological doctrine a political question, a Wesley would have moved the mob to a vision of higher values and would at least have substituted some emotional ritual for the concepts that his audiences could not absorb—and Mr. Kallen writes an essay for a book which will be read by a few hundred intellectual defeatists who are incapable of greater exertion than their daily commiseration of God for the sorry state of the universe.

The fault is, of course, Horace Kallen's. He lacks both Peter and Paul in his make-up, or, to put it in the succinct terms of our industrial age, he does not sell his idea. It is not that he is wanting in the magnetism or the fervor of these religious leaders, but that he is writing without the compass which guided them to their all-important ends. There is a conflict as well as a contrast between the clear and concrete goal to which each of his chapters is directed and the devious, difficult course which each sentence and paragraph pursues. The reader who would follow Mr. Kallen to his conclusion will be amply rewarded by the Pisgah sight of contemporary civilization and of its future possibilities, but he must be prepared for an arduous journey which will tax all his faculties. Let me not be misunderstood. In this volume the reader is not asked to crash through the noxious underbrush of dead and moldering terms and concepts that obstruct progress in the works of the general pedagogues of philosophy; Mr. Kallen is most emphatically not academic—he is fresh, vital, and vigorous. Again the reader is not forced to seek out the implications of inadequate definitions and to rescue important meanings from pages of surging emotions; Mr. Kallen is no *enfant terrible* of a howling generation—he is articulate and comprehensive. But he pursues each idea to its philosophical source, each deduction to its logical end; he not only hunts the fox, but also bolts every hare that comes athwart his chase. That's his undoing.

The essence of his conception of the ultimate reconciliation between man and the machine, or, rather, of the true conquest by man of machinery, toward which the twentieth century is heading, may be gathered from a few extracts:

> The living pattern of this new humanism, the humanism of the industrial age, cannot yet be fully prefigured. Only some of its qualities can be signalized and the attitude toward man and the world in which its freedom and fellowship cohere. . . . There has been a concentration on the attainment of self-knowledge and self-mastery through the psychological disciplines; not constrained; spontaneous rather, and inevitable. Its spirit is a joyous realism. . . . It aims at freedom, but its foundations are such that when it turns from rebellion to creation the freedom it attains will rest secure on the recognition of the casual bases of life and will crave the courageous attempt to evaluate and master them. . . . This is an experiential naturalism. It acquiesces in the living propulsions of its theme. It seeks to understand it by its history and setting and to give it ideal fulfilment by working out the perfections wherein a reaction to life becomes an achievement of art. Both joy and beauty enter into it. . . . It does not interpret, it envisages. The metaphysical democracy of science directs its imagination and guides its craftsmanship. Before its temper and spirit the ancestral quarrel of romanticists and classicists, of ancients and moderns, is dispelled as vapor before sunlight. History and the future, the near and the far, the passionate and the intellectual, the traditional and the novel, the ephemeral and the lasting, the hidden as well as the public, have equal holiday in its court, but particularly the hitherto unregarded common things, the routine and grubby detail of daily life. Whatever has a ground in existence is capable of a glow of beauty without illusion, which this new spirit in art promises to elicit and set forth. . . . It promises, when it comes, to be much more socialized than the old humanism, its freedom and fellowship being spelled in terms of the community in the individual, not the individual in the community. Of religion, in its traditional sense, it gives no indication; it would seem to make no claims on life; rather it accepts and enjoys. Its spirit, consequently, will be catholic, tolerant, disillusioned, and serene.

This, then, is the promise of what the age of science holds in store for the spirit. In a large measure the changes toward this ideal are inevitable and self-engendered or, at least, generated by conditions beyond human control; but to the extent that life may be molded and shaped in order to bring it about, the work will be done not by the humanist sect in the academies, "romanticists disturbed by their own times and fleeing for refuge to antiquity," but by the new rebellious generation which even now, as it turns from revolt to disillusion, has intimations of the new humanism.

In the United States this spiritual development is further complicated by the problems peculiar to our country. And this brings us to the bulk of Mr. Kallen's book. Is culture compatible with democracy? Is democracy compatible with the temper of the American people? Who is the American people—or is it peoples? Is the Ku Klux cry against "foreigners" simply a cruder and more rancorous expression of the theories that are axiomatic to the mind of the average Anglo-Saxon-American? Is the Anglo-Saxon-American more American than the Irish-Jewish-Scandinavian-American, or any other hyphenate? These and other inquiries into the national constitution and the American psychology make up the studies. It is at once obvious that the work is timely as well as permanent.

It is more. It is a challenge and a test. Henceforth every American, especially he who plays his part in molding public opinion, must take a stand for or against the ideas to which Mr. Kallen has given expression, unless he would be accused of groping blindly for an unknown end. Columbia is moving forward, and moving swiftly. And now Mr. Kallen has mapped not only her direction, but the sources of her motive power as well. Surely no one should presume to take the helm and steer her course without considering this chart.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

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## A Civil War City

*Richmond, Its People and Its Story.* By Mary Newton Stanard. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

BETWEEN old and new Richmond, as interpreted by Mrs. Mary Newton Stanard, there is a narrower gulf than I had believed possible—in fact, hardly a gulf at all, only a gradual gentle progress along the original track marked out by William Byrd. This is reassuring to those who know Richmond, because the old city, for the most part burned in the war between the States, was, as American cities go, sufficiently picturesque. We are accustomed to regard the new city as a more or less mushroom growth, whose relationship with the old is vague—at times non-existent; a city whose picturesque qualities live chiefly in certain of its inhabitants.

Richmond's story, from its foundation by Colonel Byrd and his friends in 1753—it is a comparatively new city—to its return to the Union in 1870, moves easily. It is not generally known outside the State that Richmond has not been the most romantic part of Virginia, except during its four years as capital of the Confederacy. Aristocratic Virginia lived for the most part on its plantations, and Richmond was a center where laws were made and tobacco was bought and sold. As the successor to Williamsburg it became an important part of American history, and Mrs. Stanard has used this history to make an amazingly interesting story. Colonial Richmond, revolutionary Richmond, and the Richmond which witnessed the debate for and against the Constitution between the adherents of Washington and Jefferson shortly after the colonies became States, are recreated with color and grace.

Enlightening, too, is the tale of a Negro uprising which did not quite occur at the dawn of the nineteenth century. This is fresh information to many persons who believe that if Negroes had been allowed to remain black they would never have become a problem. The battle between Federalists and Republicans is presented quite without bias as are the personalities of Marshall, Mason, Henry, Randolph, Pendleton, Madison, Monroe, and others who pass through "the Court End of town." This "Court End of town," by the way, remains one of the few visible links between old Richmond and new. Some of it still stands, lazy and mellow, its white porticoes and iron balconies giving no threat of the lodging-house mustiness all too prevalent within.

Poe's intermittent residence in Richmond and his editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, as well as the visits of Thackeray and Dickens, figure in the latter part of this history, and the subjects of Thackeray's lectures are so alluring that one compares them a bit wistfully with the subjects selected by the English lecturers of today; for example, "Steele and the Times of Queen Anne" and "The Georges of England; Court and Town Life During Their Reigns." He was "delighted," he wrote to a friend in New York, "with the comfortable, friendly, cheery little town—the picturesquest" that he had "seen in America." The first part of the verdict is frequently echoed by novelists who visit Richmond today, but alas for the picturesqueness! George F. Babbitt is as prominent a citizen here today as in Zenith, but he has not pushed his way into Mrs. Stanard's enchanted town, even in her extremely well-done Epilogue.

The Civil War and Reconstruction, which form the core of Richmond's history, live in these pages with a distinguished freedom from bitterness and are the most essential part of the book. For Richmond is preeminently the city of the Civil War. At that period only she was to Virginia what Philadelphia has always been to Pennsylvania and Charleston to South Carolina. Her great traditions, social, military, and political, belong most utterly to that period, when Richmond held literally the nerve centers of America.

EMILY CLARK

## Personality in Architecture

*The Autobiography of an Idea.* By Louis H. Sullivan. With a Foreword by Claude Bragdon. Press of the American Institute of Architects, Inc. $3.

THIS unusual and revealing book is the spiritual confession of an American architect whose philosophy of life is imbedded in its pages as deeply as in his brick and stone. Louis H. Sullivan, whose life closed this spring in Chicago almost at the time of the publication of his book, belonged to a generation of architects who were strong personalities—Stanford White, John W. Root, Daniel H. Burnham, H. H. Richardson, Richard Hunt, and perhaps half a dozen more. They were most effective in the eighties and nineties, when they preached a message of beauty as well as utility—the *venustas* and *utilitas* of Vitruvius—and when, concretely, they met and solved the pivotal problems growing out of the coming of the skyscraper. The temptation to place Mr. Sullivan in the last century is not an error of chronology, for like a writer who exhausts his ideas before the end of his days the architect found his career ended soon after he reached middle age.

Mr. Sullivan has disclosed much in these pages about the evolution of building in America, but his principal concern is with his "idea." He conceives of man as a receptacle of power, who, through fear and tradition, has been hampered in the use of his imagination and his intellect; he celebrates him as a free, conscious agent, capable of becoming a creative dreamer with power of vision to harness the imagination and the intellect, to make science do his will and his emotions serve him. He argues that "man's spirit must be free that his powers may be free to accomplish in beneficence," that man, freed from dogma and fear, may be driven on by imagination, "the inscrutable dynamic power that energizes all other powers." Readers in philosophy may be pardoned if they see here and there a kinship to the doctrines of positive freedom of will, the free, self-conscious spirit, and the rational use of the intellect that have a Kantian ring. It is the story of Mr. Sullivan's progress that is much more important than the evolution of his philosophy, for there are passages here that recall the thorny path of Philip Carey in "Of Human Bondage."

There is plenty of proof that Mr. Sullivan applied his rationalism and his individualism to his buildings. He started with the conviction that "for centuries art had been belittled in superstitions called traditions"; that form followed function, in fact that "function created or organized its form," and that "a realistic architecture should be evolved based on well-defined utilitarian needs—that all practical demands of utility should be paramount as a basis of planning and design; that no architectural dictum, or tradition, or superstition, or habit should stand in the way." He found that the immediate problem was increased daylight in buildings. "This led him to use slender piers, tending toward a masonry and iron combination, the beginnings of a vertical system." He has told here how he built the Auditorium in Chicago—"with its immense mass of ten stories, its tower, weighing thirty million pounds, equivalent to twenty stories—a tower of solid masonry carried on a floating foundation; a great raft 67 by 100 feet." The story of these rafts, moored in Chicago's ooze and sand, is too detailed to be related here—the best account is to be found in "John Wellborn Root" by Harriet Monroe—but their evolution is a chapter in American building. A few years later came the tall, thin, structural iron shaft—the product of the imagination of sales managers of Eastern rolling-mills, who saw their first opportunity for using it in Chicago. The problem of foundation as related to height was solved.

Louis H. Sullivan has recorded here his deep, inward regret that the World's Fair of Chicago of 1893 took its architecture from classical antiquity instead of from the imagination of its builders. The beautiful palace of the arts, soon to be rebuilt in stone in Jackson Park, he terms "the most

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impudently thievish." Even at this late day he calls the Fair "a naked exhibition of charlatanry in the higher feudal and domineering culture, conjoined with expert salesmanship of the materials of decay." His opportunity at that Fair consisted chiefly in planning and executing the great door of the Transportation Building. Perhaps it was in a spirit of defiance that he made it so magnificent—for many will remember that it blazed forth in gold amid the cold, dignified classicism. That American architecture can be better served in developing native ideas than by rebuilding the Parthenon on Western prairies I earnestly believe. But I cannot follow Mr. Sullivan in his conviction that the Fair, by its emphasis on the classic, wrought irreparable damage to the art spirit in America, any more than I can imagine the mastery of Greek and Latin working harm to the writer of a pure English prose.

HARRY HANSEN

## An Old Master

*Celestina*, or *The Tragicomedy of Calisto and Melibea*. Translated from the Spanish by James Mabbe (anno 1631). Edited by H. Warner Allen. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

FEW masterpieces have a greater claim than "Celestina" to a place in a collection "of the more robust and human examples of the classic and medieval literature" which the Broadway Translations purpose to be. For "Celestina" is a most profound record of life as understood by a race whose distinguishing feature, according to Havelock Ellis, is, above all, "its primitive and eternal attitude of heroic energy . . . directed toward the more fundamental facts of human existence." "Celestina" is so great an achievement, indeed, that if it ranks second to "Don Quixote" among the glories of Spain, it is not because Cervantes knew human character better than Rojas (whose claim to the authorship of this book is no longer disputed), nor because Rojas was an inferior artist. But rather, because the allegorical meaning we can read into "Don Quixote" gives it a more immediate significance to any age than "Celestina" could possibly possess. In fact, if we could rid ourselves of traditional prejudices we should readily come to see that Rojas's insight into the human soul was in every respect as deep as that of Cervantes, and that his artistry was, perhaps, superior. Mabbe's translation, in spite of the liberties he took with the text, is, in its effect, almost perfect. Professor Allen's introductory essay on the picaresque novel contains much keen criticism and historical information difficult to obtain in so succinct a manner. His arguments supporting Rojas's claim as author, however, are a mere rehashing of facts already well known.

ELISEO VIVAS

## A French Realpolitiker

*Lettres à un Ami: Souvenirs de ma vie politique*. Par Alexandre Ribot. Paris; Editions Bossard. 12 francs.

ALEXANDRE RIBOT was one of that fateful generation whose youth was formed amid the scorching memories of French defeat in 1870 and whose old age found satisfaction in the World War and its intrigues. One wonders if the pan-German youth of today will be as proud of their *revanche* fifty years hence as Ribot was when he wrote these memories of his service in five war cabinets.

As Minister of Finance Ribot was responsible for the war policy of postponing taxation, which has left France with a franc worth less than a quarter of its pre-war par. France did not begin to increase her taxes until after three years of war; Ribot did not even raise a loan until after a year and a half; he lived on inflation. A third of his memoirs is a defense of this policy. In 1916 he began borrowing from American bankers, and his methods improved; it is a little disconcerting to discover how thoroughly Morgan dominated the French fiscal policy even before America entered the war.

The offensive of April 16, 1917, the consequent mutinies, the Russian peace offers, the invasion of Greece all occurred under Ribot's premiership. Nivelle's offensive was not of his planning, but the brusque rejection of the Russian peace offers and the ousting of Constantine were his work, and he was proud of them to his death. He was not the father of the secret treaties, but he was their apologist.

> What preoccupied the Ministry, and especially the President of the Republic [Poincaré], was the fact that we had no written proof of the Czar's promise to support our demand for Alsace and Lorraine and our project of an independent buffer state on the left bank of the Rhine.

It did indeed preoccupy them—so much so that Ribot, like Poincaré, was resolutely opposed to letting the French Socialists try their hand at peace-making in Stockholm in 1917.

> If France had agreed not to demand Alsace-Lorraine and if Italy had given up her claim for Trieste, Germany would doubtless have made some concessions to France in Lorraine (not giving up Metz, however), and the Emperor of Austria would have ceded the Italian-speaking Trentino to Italy in return for some compensation in Africa or elsewhere.

Those to Ribot were impossible terms, but how much better than the "peace" we have!

The story of Constantine's abdication is amazingly frank. It was pure French *Realpolitik*.

> The way to satisfy Admiral Jellicoe, justly fearful of inability to supply the troops at Salonica, because of the submarine war, was . . . to seize the railroad from Salonica to Athens via Larissa. That required a Government at Athens on which we could count.

So Constantine had to go. Ribot decided to land French troops and put him out. England objected. Kerensky's Russia objected. Ribot listened, agreed not to use force, and sent Jonnart to do the deed. Jonnart planned to use force; the English heard of it and protested violently to Ribot; Ribot failed to forward the protest but telegraphed Jonnart that he was "sole judge" of what to do—and the French troops, of course, were landed. It was the depth of duplicity as well as the height of bullying. Ribot, proud of it, died honored as one of France's great leaders.

He was, after all, typical of his generation—the post-war-of-1870 generation that made the pre-war-of-1914 and mid-war policies. Clemenceau was his contemporary; Poincaré spiritually belonged to his generation. Of these and of Millerand, Painlevé, Briand, Joffre, Foch, Lloyd George, and Venizelos he gives discriminating and not too friendly portraits. Of the men now coming to the fore in France he knew little; he never noted economic motivation; he thought exclusively in terms of national prestige. The war of 1870 had blighted him—as the war of 1914-18 seems to have blighted the rulers of tomorrow in Germany.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

## Industrial Democracy

*Representative Government in Industry*. By James Meyers. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THIS is an earnest and thoughtful book, but still a somewhat disappointing one. There are in American mills today no less than one thousand plans of employees' representation in actual operation. Mr. Meyers is connected with one of the most successful—the Dutchess Bleachery—and has had ample opportunity to study the technique at first hand. He does not draw heavily on this wealth of operating data, however, but tends rather to give us his philosophy in the historical process, evolution, the psychology of the worker, capitalism, the church, morality, education, and the distribution of income. Not that his philosophy is bad. On the contrary, it seems to me remark-

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ably good. But it has all been said a great many times before by Hobson, Veblen, Bertrand Russell, Tawney, and others. For those who have not read the realistic economists intensively, Mr. Meyers's summary is compact, lucid, and to the point. But for those who have so read them, most of the book is an old story, and the paucity of quantitative data covering the subject in hand is, we must admit, a cause for considerable regret.

Mr. Meyers traces the growth of industrialism, shows how the status of the industrial worker today is a de facto slavery —however much the air may be charged with such words as freedom, liberty, equality, and democracy; and how this de facto slavery breeds a relentless psychological reaction of servility or rebellion. In this impasse—of which every intelligent student of industrial affairs is aware—what is to be done? Mr. Coolidge and his friends say nothing. Mr. Trotzky and his friends say communism. Mr. Cole and his friends say guild socialism. Mr. Meyers says introduce representative government into the factory as it has already been introduced into the political state. And he proceeds to a broad outline of the technique involved, and various odds and ends of cases. The outline commands our attention, but the cases—virgin soil for a new book—are pitifully meager. Four main types of workers' representation are set forth:

1. Plans which allow the shop committee of the workers advisory powers only. Such are hypocritical and largely farcical in that the management has absolute veto.

2. Plans which provide for outside arbitration where men and management cannot agree. This removes much of the hyprocrisy, but places little real responsibility on the workers.

3. Plans where representatives of the workers are placed on the board of directors of the company. This is a commendable gesture, but in a crisis the workers, being in a minority, can always be outvoted on the board.

4. Plans where the company deals directly with the *accredited organized trade union* of the workers. Here Greek meets Greek, and here is the only possibility of real control and real responsibility. Mr. Meyers hews to the line when he tells us that of the four classes enumerated this is the only one where hope for genuine industrial democracy lies. Paternalism and democracy have nothing in common, and in class four paternalism is completely relinquished.

But beyond this sound classification I have learned little. I should like to be shown that representative government in industry can bring about at least a partial truce on the industrial front, that it does tend to blunt the edge of the struggle between dividends and wages, that it will abate the de facto condition of industrial slavery and its attendant servility and rebellion, and so make life for millions less of a mockery and a torment. But Mr. Meyers, for all his fine analysis of the factors leading up to the present impasse, adduces no conclusive nor yet compelling data, and gives me little more than hopeful dreams. And of the most significant experiment yet undertaken—the Baltimore and Ohio agreement with the machinists' union—the book contains no word.

STUART CHASE

## Byron: The Last Phase

*Byron: The Last Journey.* By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

*Byron and Greece.* By Harold Spender. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

MR. NICOLSON justifies his "presumption" in traversing again the ground already explored by so many scholars by remarking upon the new material that has lately become available and upon the "slightly different angle" of approach which he has adopted. He rightly discards the old legend that the poet went to Greece inspired solely by Philhellenic enthusiasms. But that legend was long since discarded by every student of the subject. Byron was bored in Italy, harassed by his ill repute in England, anxious to escape; yet when committed to the Greek cause, he hesitated and procrastinated and went reluctantly. His statesmanship was of no high order, yet instinctively he decided rightly when, after months of waiting in Cephallonia, he elected to join Mavrocordate in Missolonghi rather than throw the weight of his prestige to the side of the government of Eastern Greece. At Missolonghi he experienced a protracted agony of disillusionment, but by choosing to die rather than to follow the advice of friends and escape, "he secured," says Mr. Nicolson, "the liberation of Greece." The confused events after his death amply bear out this assertion.

Mr. Nicolson writes after his kind—the kind of biographers of the "new" school. He is soundly documented; brilliant, entertaining, clever (a little too clever), at ease. Having decided upon his "angle" of approach, he does not hesitate to minimize or to suppress evidence not in line with his point of view. The picture he draws of Byron is amazingly vivid, but it does not show the whole man. The biographer is fundamentally out of sympathy with his subject until the protagonist is on his death-bed—when sympathy suddenly emerges. Throughout the earlier chapters there are persistent faults of taste and temper. Mr. Gamaliel Bradford is the man to write the book which Mr. Nicolson has attempted to compose.

The chief value of Mr. Spender's compilation is that it gathers together all Byron's writings upon Greece. The plan of printing prose and verse vis-a-vis on alternate pages was not a happy one. Mr. Spender's own comments are somewhat jejune. He errs as much upon the side of overenthusiasm as does Mr. Nicholson in the opposite direction. His narrative of the rape of the Elgin marbles is informative but very badly put together. In a group of appendices various Byronic problems, some of them not at all related to his main subject, are discussed. His bibliography is marred by serious blunders.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

## Books in Brief

*The Happy Traveller.* By Frank Tatchell. Henry Holt and Company. $2.25.

Most of the things which the conventional travel guide omits as either undignified or irrelevant will be found in amusing and vivid paragraphs in this volume. The vicar of Midhurst, London, starting with the thesis that travel is the high estate for the young and the poor in purse, proves himself a delightful repository of diverting information, applicable to remote corners of the earth. These pages are filled with detailed and unexpected hints. For instance, "The decay of national costume makes it easy for a man to pass as a native anywhere, at least in Europe." "I take a neck scarf to wear in the country and one rubber collar for the towns." The demarcation between city and country could not be more pithily sketched. Mr. Tatchell tells one what to eat in various countries, and what to drink. He knows a Greek remedy for sunstroke, and an old-fashioned one for cold feet. There are brief conversational guides in many languages, and many hints for walking excursions. The author says that "The Happy Traveller" is a book for poor men, but it is rich in experience.

*Come: Let Us Walk Together.* By Gabriel Heatter. Brentano's. $1.

It is touching to discover that sporting-goods salesmen still have their inspirational wants supplied in the form of uplift editorials; it is perhaps a little alarming to learn what brand of uplift is on tap. "His Majesty, the American Sportsman" is the keynote, and every transaction involving a tennis racquet or a fishing rod takes on the high glamor of benefaction. "For every dollar a man hands you across the counter . . . you are giving him health, you are restoring happiness, you are leading him back to youth, you are taking him out under the sun, out beside smiling streams and laughing waters." Mr. Heatter writes in the mood of a super-Spalding.

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# International Relations Section

## A Program of Reconciliation

THE executive of the Union of Democratic Control in England has issued the following statement of its views on the Dawes Report and the reparations problem. The present executive of the Union consists of the Right Hon. Lord Acton, Mr. J. A. Hobson, Mr. L. S. Woolf, Mr. H. B. Lees Smith, Hon. Bertrand Russell, Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, Mr. E. D. Morel, M. P.; Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. F. J. Shaw, Captain E. N. Bennett, Mr. C. R. Buxton, and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe.

The executive of the U.D.C. has taken into careful consideration the report of the expert committees appointed by the Reparation Commission to examine and consider the means of balancing the budget and the measures to be taken to stabilize the currency of Germany, and, recognizing the limitations of the committees' terms of reference, expresses the hope that the French and German governments will accept the report.

1. In view of the legacy produced by the events of the past five years and which the present British Government inherited when it took office, we approve its adoption of the report, because we feel that the proposals embodied therein offer a possible means of escape from a situation which was rapidly leading to disaster.

2. We hold, however, firmly to the view that the policy and the principles which still find expression even in this report, viz., that further immense sums must continue to be paid, by way of tribute, for an unspecified number of years, to the victorious states in the Great War by the German people, are morally wrong, politically unwise, and economically disastrous.

MORALLY WRONG, (a) because the continued enforcement of such tribute is avowedly based upon the assumption, arbitrarily affirmed, never submitted to impartial investigation, and reduced to absurdity by post-war official disclosures, that pre-war Germany was *solely* responsible for the war; (b) because the overwhelming majority of the present generation in Germany cannot manifestly be considered responsible, in any case, for the events which culminated in the outbreak; (c) because the formal acceptance by Germany of these obligations under the Versailles treaty was obtained under duress and is, therefore, morally invalid.

POLITICALLY UNWISE, because the infliction upon the German people of the moral stigma involved in the assumption of sole guilt, upon which it is sought to justify this tribute, must remain as a rankling sore calculated to hinder the growth of a spirit of peace and good-will, to discourage Germany's application to enter the League of Nations, and, therefore, to prove an obstacle to material and moral disarmament.

ECONOMICALLY DISASTROUS, because the payment of this immense tribute is impracticable, and no stable economic conditions in Europe are possible so long as the attempt to extort it persists.

Therefore, while we consider that, for the reasons already stated, the British Government is justified in giving the recommendations of the report a fair trial, we hold that, should the scheme elaborated in that document break down, no British government should ever again identify itself with a policy which requires the payment by the German people of impossible sums in money and in kind.

We also recommend that there should be an explicit and formal agreement that no separate action shall be taken by any of the signatory governments in the event of another default or failure on the part of Germany.

We urge that the acceptance of the report by the French and German governments should be immediately followed:

(a) By Great Britain renouncing any further share in reparations provided that this renunciation decreases by an equivalent amount the total sum to be paid.

(b) By Great Britain inviting Germany to apply for admission to the League of Nations, and supporting her claim to sit on equal terms with the other great Powers.

We recommend the renunciation, in these circumstances, by Great Britain of any further share in reparations for the following reasons:

1. Because it is the wise and noble tradition of our people, exercised on many occasions in their history, to display generosity toward a worsted foe.

2. Because virtually no sums are now due to this country in reparations by Germany except under the guise of pensions and allowances, the legitimacy of the demand for which, under the terms of the armistice, has long been a matter of the gravest doubt to many Englishmen, irrespective of political views or prejudices.

3. Because, in the ultimate resort, these payments can only be effected in manufactured goods, which form of payment would have the most detrimental results upon our home and foreign trade and upon our employment.

4. Because the enforcement of an annual and enormous tribute upon Germany must necessarily be accompanied by a decline in the general conditions of the German working-class population, with the inevitable effect of lowering still further the standard of life of our own industrial and agricultural classes.

## The Communists and the Experts

THE representatives of the Communist Party and the Communist parliamentary groups of Germany and of France, the representatives of the unions and the revolutionary works councils of Germany and of the United Confederation of Labor (extreme left) assembled at Cologne issued the following statements on the Dawes Report, in *l'Humanité* of June 24:

Plundering capitalism, which killed during the war twenty million workers and peasants, has not succeeded in bringing peace to the world since the conclusion of hostilities. In spite of all the artifices of high finance, in spite of abominable repressions against the class-conscious proletariat, they have not been able to reestablish the equilibrium of the capitalist economic state. Capitalism struggles everywhere in the grip of its final crisis. In that situation it is trying by a new method to lead astray the laboring masses with the hope of procuring a delay before the ultimate collapse.

The experts' report is the expression of a grand scheme intended to concentrate international capital against the proletariat with greater force than ever before. The direction of that enterprise is in the hands of the English and American capitalists—in spite of the financial competition between London and New York. Capitalism in all countries strives toward that goal by assuming a mask of democracy and pacifism. It has removed the representatives of open aggressive politics such as MM. Poincaré and Baldwin; Signor Mussolini assumes a democratic air, and Mr. Coolidge accepts his candidacy with Mr. Dawes, president of the Experts' Commission.

For the moment the capitalists of America, of England, of France, of Italy, not forgetting those of the Reich, try to hide their imperial antagonisms in order finally to be better prepared to master the working masses.

### THE COMPLICITY OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS

These miserable maneuvers of the capitalists are generously supported by the Social Democrats and the bureaucratic syndicalists of the Amsterdam International. Mr. MacDonald

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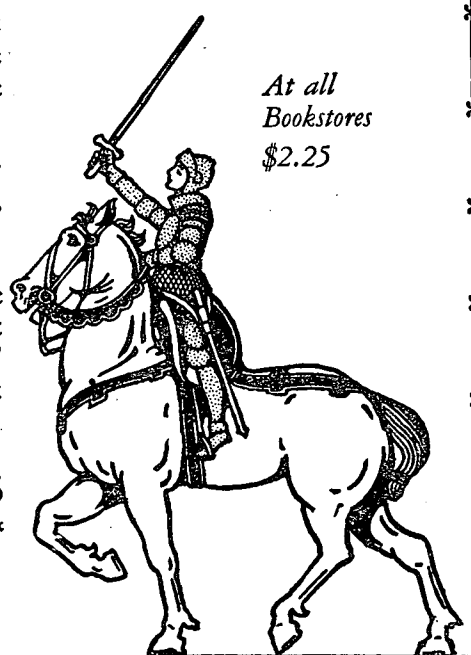

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*The Nation* is informed that one Barnet G. Braverman is representing himself in Austria as a correspondent of *The Nation*. The name is unknown to us. Mr. Braverman has no authority to represent this journal.


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defends with skill the affairs of the large bourgeoisie of Great Britain; M. Herriot openly leans on M. Blum, and the Italian Social Democrats are at all times ready to throw themselves into the arms of a Mussolini under a democratic mask.

The new government of the left in France plays a most extraordinary comedy before the masses. M. Herriot promised the evacuation of the Ruhr without really wishing it. And the intention of M. Herriot reveals itself plainly in the nomination of General Nollet as Minister of War. The other promise of M. Herriot, assuring to officials the right of coalition, is already revealed in all its nullity. . . . And the same comedy is being played at the same time by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald before the English proletariat.

### The Effect of the Plan on the German Workers

The experts' report will have as its first result the making of Germany into a colony of international capital, and the German capitalists are invited to become the slave-drivers of the German proletariat. The realization of the experts' plan means for the German proletariat a new reduction of wages, a working day of ten to twelve hours, the rise in price of all the necessities of life by the increase of indirect taxation and custom duties, and enslavement by the combined forces of the republic of Herr Ebert and the creditor states.

The execution of the experts' report imposes on the German proletariat an increase of the fiscal charges to two billion and a half gold marks. For some time the feeble and transient improvement of the standard of living of the German proletariat has been offset by the pernicious effects of the Micum agreements and the mass unemployment which recommenced at that time.

### The Effect on the French Workers

The effect of the experts' plan on the French proletariat will be identical. Anglo-Saxon capital will reduce France to the same slavery in which Germany is at present. The action of Mr. Morgan to stabilize the franc was to begin with very dangerous. The same international trust will operate the factories and works which use the cheapest and most oppressed labor, therefore those of Germany. And the proletariat of France, of Belgium, of England will have to choose between two things: either unprecedented unemployment, or a reduction in the standard of living of the German working class, by reduction of wages, loss of the eight-hour day, etc.

The entente of international capital revealed by the experts' plan will not last. The antagonisms between the two capitalist groups will destroy that hypocritical alliance. As a consequence the plan of the experts does not assure the peace of the world; on the contrary, it heralds new imperialistic and international conflicts.

It is the duty of the internationally conscious working class to lead a united fight against this scheme of world capital; and in that fight the Communist parties of all countries find at their side the works councils and the revolutionary unions. . . .

In Germany as in France it is necessary to break the domination of capital by fighting for working-class control of production. That fight should be led by the masses of the workers, the employees, the officials, in close cooperation with the works councils.

As to the scheme of the experts to hand over to private capital the German railways, till now property of the state, we demand instead in France as in Germany the nationalization of the railways, of the post and telegraph, etc., and of their administration by the workers and the officials. The fight of the railway men against capitalist exploitation, such as has already developed in Germany and in France, is one of the most important tasks at present.

As to the scheme of the experts to hand over the central banks to international capital we shall, in Germany as in France, demand rather nationalization of all banking institutions.

The experts propose by the system of obligations imposed on German industry to build themselves into a single international trust. To counter that project we propose, in Germany and in France, the nationalization of all the essential industries —mines, metallurgy, textiles, chemical products, etc.

As to the project of the experts to complete the system of indirect taxes to the detriment of the working masses we propose, in Germany as in France, the abolition of all such taxes, the suppression of the infamous tax on wages, and the confiscation of all the capitalist fortunes. . . .

As the whip of the experts stimulates German economic life toward increased production, the flow of German merchandise into the international markets will provoke the greatest competition among the victor states and will cause damage. All the past attempts to execute the Treaty of Versailles, that infamous scheme of plundering capitalism, have only tended to augment the confusion in international economics and the misery of the laboring masses in all countries. . . .

And those who are suffering are the workers of all countries including the victor countries; for the capitalists always know how to unload on the shoulders of the workers the debts of the war. The scandalous enrichment of the French capitalists through the reconstruction of the devastated regions of the north of France emphasizes this fact. The French capitalists who are as responsible for the war as the German capitalists have no right to claim reparations of German workers.

All resistance to the reduction of wages and the increased cost of living, all resistance to the acts of capitalist violence in Germany and in France is at the same time a blow against the plan of the experts.

Down with the capitalist pirates gathered in Europe!

Down with their acolytes, the Social Democrats!

Long live the revolutionary workers of Germany and France!

Long live the Third International!

Long live the accession of the soviet republics of Europe!

## Contributors to This Issue

Louis Fischer is *The Nation's* correspondent in Moscow.

Edwin Muir, poet and essayist, has been assistant editor of the *New Age* (London) as well as dramatic critic for the *Scotsman* and the *Athenaeum*. He was a frequent contributor to the *Freeman*. At present he is in Prague, at work on a series of essays, a novel, and a volume of poetry.

Emily Clark, editor of the *Reviewer*, is one of a group of young Richmond writers who founded that magazine.

Harry Hansen is literary editor of the Chicago *Daily News*.

Samuel C. Chew, the foremost Byron scholar in this country, has just published a new book, "Byron in England."

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